

# Immortal Longing

by Scooby Doo

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Summary: My first story, Crossover between Buffy the Vampire SLayer and Highlander

## 1. Trial

> <meta name="GENERATOR"> immortal.html None of these characters belong to me.

>They all belong to Joss and the people who created Highlander.

<br>Don't sue me PLEASE! :-)

Immortal Longing

>by Scooby Dooby Doo <p>

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,

>Life is but an empty dream! <br>For the soul is dead that slumbers,

>and things are not what they seem. <br>Life is real! Life is earnest!

>And the grave is not its goal <br>Dust thou art; to dust returnest,

>Was not spoken of the soul." <br>-Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

In the last four years Richie Ryan had moved seven times. He'd been enrolled in more than 5 schools, and now as Mac tiredly announced that they were moving to yet another small town Richie wondered if foster care had been better than this. At least then he'd had a chance to make friends.

>Now Richie stood in the office of yet another high school. The secretary was telling him how to get to his first class, but Richie couldn't concentrate. <br>Another Hick town, probably doesn't even have a movie theater.> Richie sighed, then noticed the secretary had stopped talking. He tried to remember the instructions she >had so monotonously gone on and on about, but he ended up getting lost in the school anyway. By the time he had found his way around, first period was almost over, and <br>Richie felt like his head was

spinning. He found his way into the library, a place he'd never spent much time in his last school. At least he could spend some time in here now, away from the rich pricks that probably went to this school.

>As he wandered in he came upon a group of teenagers, most only nodded his way, but the blonde girl at the table looked over at him and smiled. He smiled back, feeling <br>himself blush, he'd never been that shy until he and Mac started moving around. Suddenly the girl stood up and started walking over to where he was sitting.

>" Hi I'm Buffy Summers, you're new here right?" <br>" Yeah, I'm new to town."

>"What's your name?" <br>"Richie Ryan."

>"Buffy Summers, nice to meet you." <br>"Sure."

>"So what you doing hanging around in the library?" <br>"I couldn't find my way around, thought I'd come in here."

>" You like the library?" <br>"Never spent much time in it, I got better things to do."

>" Like what?" <br>"You know stuff."

>She laughed, "Yeah I know, come on I want you to meet some people." <br>" Well I don't know."

>"Sure.Come on." <br>Richie felt stupid, here he was 30 years old, much much too old to hang out with these kids, and he felt afraid of them. He had told Mac that, but Duncan just told him, it'd

>look too suspicious to have him hang around especially since he looked 17. <p>

He and Buffy headed over to the table, where four other people were sitting. Two were girls and two were boys, all looked about 17.

>"Ok, Richie, that's Willow, the red haired girl at the table smiled at him an him then went back to her book, an this is Cordelia", the prissy looking girl at the table looked up at him and nodded at him before going back to her work. <br>Richie found out the boy's names were Oz, and Xander, they all looked too serious about what they were doing to even notice him. Buffy seemed to care but she looked to

>busy to really bother, Richie walked away, and only Buffy bothered to look up and watch him walk out. <br>" I don't like that guy, something's weird about him." Xander said once Richie was gone.

>" I know he gives me the creeps." <br>" He just acts more mature than he looks."

>" I got a weird sense about him, like my slayer sense." <br>" You think he has something to do with the new prophecy?",

>"Nah, I mean the prophecy's impossible, a guy who will live forever that's not a vampire!" <br>"What do you think Richie has to do with it?"

>" I don't know but I trust my feelings, I'm going to tail him tomorrow after school." <br>" Aren't you going a little fast, I mean we just met him."

>" I trust Buffy, I'll go with you." <br>"Thanks, Xander, at least someone trusts me."

The next night after school, Richie took off on his motorcycle with a gigantic headache, he wondered what the point was, he'd be moving in about three months anyway, he

>didn't know he was being followed if he did maybe he wouldn't have taken the long way back. <br>Halfway to the new house, Richie stopped by the side of the road to watch the sun go down, it was getting closer to winter and the days were getting shorter, Richie liked

>watching sunsets, they reminded him of Tessa and how much she'd loved them before she'd died. As the sun slowly sank behind the clouds the light started to disappear from the sky, and Richie had to ride through almost darkness. He rode through a ghost town of little shops, and cafes, deserted as soon as the light left the sky.

>Richie didn't notice the other bike on the road until he came up to the next crosswalk. It was a high quality Harley, in almost mint condition, more of a show item than a ride. A man with a solid black leather wardrobe rode the bike.

>"Tough guy." As soon as the light hit green Richie took off with the ancient motorcycle almost following him exactly along the road. Richie didn't notice anything until the motorcycle took a dangerous sideswipe at his wheels, swerving across the road, until the traction couldn't hold anymore and he crashed into the bushes lining the road.

>Richie was knocked unconscious as soon as his head hit the wall that surrounded the bushes, and he lay there as the man in black, climbed off his Harley, and calmly walked over to Richie.

>He asked " You shouldn't be out this late young man, you need to learn a lesson." Slowly he removed his helmet, revealing almost laughing eyes that burned deep with the fury of hell, sandy brown hair, and a devilish grin with sharp pointy teeth. At that same time Buffy had just finished her rounds and had gone to meet Xander in the graveyard, so they could find out where Richie lived and what he had to do with this

>prophecy. "We better check out his house, you got the address from the records right?"

>"Yeah, I got Giles to pick it up for me." "Ok, let's go."

>They got to main street just as Angel had leaned over Richie eager to get a little fast food. "It's Angel!"

>"Buffy, he's killing somebody. I think it's Richie." "Oh God! Come on!"

By then Angel's mouth was covered with a fresh coat of blood, and Richie was dead in his arms.

>"Wasn't that a nice lesson little boy." Angel said with a wicked smile on his face, the streetlight reflecting off the blood covering his fangs. Angel dumped the body in the brush, never noticing Buffy coming at him from behind. Buffy hit Angel straight in the chest with an all out body slam.

>"Aren't we a little excited tonight?" "I'll be more than a little excited when I send you to Hell!"

>"Unfortunately for you that'll never happen!" Angel pushed Buffy to the side and grabbed his now scratched bike, Buffy went down and Angel got away, almost like a comic book. Xander had meanwhile checked the body in the brush and discovered their worst fear, it was Richie. "It's not Richie right? We didn't screw up?"

>"Sorry Buffy, he's gone." "Oh God, what if he was part of the prophecy."

>"That all you're worried about?! He died, he's 17 and he's dead! All because we took so long! He didn't know! What about his family, Buffy! What do you think'll happen to them!" "I'm so sorry. I shouldn't have said that."

>"Come on, we have to tell his family." "We're just going to bring his body to them! We can't do that!"

>"It's the best thing we can do now." <p>

It turned out Richie Ryan lived across town, he had almost been home

by the time he got attacked, he had never made it.

>A man stood in one of the windows of the ancient house, as if looking out on the street waiting for his son to come home. When Xander rang the bell, he and Buffy wondered <br>what'd they tell him. "I'm sorry but your son's dead." It didn't sound right, it didn't fit.

>Soon the door was opened by a flustered man. <br>"Hi kids, are you Richie's friends? Do you know where he is? I've been looking everywhere for him, I even called the police. I'm really worried." The man's words stumbled out

>one after the other, he looked like he was shaking. <br>"Mr. Ryan? Um.."

>"Macleod. I'm Richie's foster father." <br>"I'm sorry."

>"About what?" <br>"Richie's dead sir."

>"What? Are you kidding? How?!" <br>"It's hard to explain."

>"Please just tell me what happened." <br>"Sir, we didn't know what to do, Richie's in the car."

>Mr. Macleod almost ran out to the car, finally looking through the backseat window he spotted Richie sprawled out on the seat. INTACT. He sighed. He clawed open the door <br>and picked up Richie and carried his best friend and his "son" inside.

>"I'm so sorry Sir." <br>"Uh,yeah, please go." He whispered.

>Buffy and Xander got the hint and left the man standing over the body of his "son". <br>The ride back home was silent, no one said a word, nobody dared to.

A dragon lives forever, but not so little boys

>Painted wings and giants's rings make way for other toys. <br>One grey night it happened, Jackie Paper came no more

>And Puff that mighty dragon, he ceased his fearless roar. <p>

His head was bent in sorrow, green scales fell like rain

>Puff no longer went to play along the cherry lane. <br>Without his lifelong friend, Puff could not be brave

>So, Puff that mighty dragon sadly slipped into his cave, oh <p>

Going back to school on Tuesday was one of the hardest thing Buffy had ever had to do, she spied Xander in the halls on the way to English and he looked exactly like her,

>both of them had worn tear tracks down their faces, and tired eyes. Tears for a stranger. <br>They managed their way through the day, constantly distracted until lunch came and they gathered in the library for their regular meeting. Everyone noticed them right away.

>" What's wrong?" <br>"We failed."

>"What do you mean?" <br>"Richie died because of us, he was out riding his bike last night and an Angel found him."

>Willow gasped, "It wasn't your fault Buffy." <br>"Yes it was, if I had been there just a few minutes earlier....."

>"Don't say that." <br>"I'm going to go clean out his locker, he barely had time to put anything in there."

>"Ok, there's nothing to talk about today anyway." <br>"Bye."

>"Buffy, I'll help you, I don't have anything else to do." Xander ran after her. <p>

They found the locker easy, it was right by Mr.Berkoff's math room.

Surprisingly the locker was already stuffed full, of books, and little mementos.

>"Wow, this guy was a decorator!" <br>It almost made Buffy smile, before she remembered how he'd died, the even hint of a smile disappeared.

>They unloaded the books first, everything from Spanish to History and Algebra. Then they got to the little things. A cute picture of a baby who couldn't have been more than 6 months old was taped to the side of the locker, it caught Buffy's eye first. She carefully smoothed it off the locker surface till she held the delicate photo in her hands. <br>The back simply said, Christy 1994. She wondered if it was his sister.

>The next photo was of a pretty blond woman and the man from last night, they were kissing, in what looked like a cafe. It too had something on the back, Tessa and Mac 1995. <br>The next thing to be picked out was a scrapbook, Buffy put it aside not wanting to pry, but a single piece of worn paper fell out and floated serenely down to the ground

>eventually landing on Buffy's shoe. She picked it up, she couldn't resist opening the letter and reading it: <p>

Dear Richie, my son my little boy,

>You're so tough, I admire that about you. You've always stood up for what you believe in. You're my little warrior. Fighting against all odds to be heard, and to be yourself, I am so proud of you. Some adults can't face theirs fears, but as I've watched you grow you've conquered so many. When you were only 1 you took your first step, and I saw <br>happiness flood your face, and when you were 4 you read me a book out loud, your favorite book, and a flush of pride ran through your cheeks. I remember when I had to

>turn off the light and you bravely faced the darkness. I loved you since I known about you. I've loved you since that first dawn and I will always love you till that last sunset. <br>Your mine, I don't have to share you, but you're too precious to keep to one person. It would be selfish. When you were born I saw an angel, a beautiful crystal angel.

>Something too beautiful to ever break, something to be shared with the world. <br>I write you this letter just to say I love you, just to say I'll always be there for you, I'm your mother and that made my job at home seem amazing. To have a life like yours living with me almost inside me. You're my baby, I don't care how old you get, when your my age you'll understand. Now that I know I'll never see your sweet face again I sit in my bed in this hospital, knowing out of this life your sweet face will be the only thing I'll miss.

>Sincerely and with the deepest love, <br>Your mother

Buffy felt like crying, if only she'd been there sooner, Richie wouldn't be dead. Richie was just a kid, Buffy was a kid too, but still somehow there was a difference there

>somewhere. <br>More things still remained in the locker, an she starting examining everything. Some tapes, a picture of a girl named Angie, photos of Richie goofing off with his friends, then an article about someone named Jerry Tyler dying in a drive-by shooting.

>"Why would he keep this?" Buffy asked Xander handing over the article. <br>"Maybe it was one of his friends."

>Suddenly Buffy remembered the photos, she whipped them out, and immediately recognized one of the boys as Jerry Tyler. <br>"It was, look." She handed him the photo.

>"Poor guy, doesn't look much older than 12." <br>"I know."  
>"That was a long time ago." <br>"Yeah I know, come on we have to finish cleaning up."  
>They went back to cleaning up an another thing toppled from the locker. It was a small picture, drawn by hand, an slowly sketched into the paper, it was a picture of a <br>motorcycle. Inscribed on the back was, Merry Christmas Richie! Christmas 94. From Tessa. Buffy recognized the name as the blond lady's from the cafe. She felt like she knew Richie now, for some reason. Then she found something that scared her, another article taped to the drawing. Another drive-by shooting. Tessa Noel had been killed on August 14th, 1995. Buffy gasped, it was the woman, she had died and Richie had been there too. He'd seen her die. It hit Buffy suddenly that Richie had had an awful life, .....and an awful death. All because she was too late.

There are places I remember all my life  
>Though some have changed, <br>Some forever, not for better  
>some have gone and some remain. <p>

All these places had their moments  
>With lovers and friends I still can recall <br>Some are dead and some are living.  
>In my life I've loved them all <p>

But of all these friends and lovers,  
>There is no one compares with you, <br>And these mem'ries lost their meaning  
>When I think of love as something new. <br>  
> <br>  
> <p>

LATER THAT NIGHT:

>Richie couldn't handle staying inside for three months, even if those guys thought he was dead, he didn't care. He wouldn't see them if he was careful. He pulled his <br>motorcycle into the driveway and silently revved the engine. Grabbing the handlebars he rode off into the night. He just made one mistake.  
>Buffy had just finished her rounds at the graveyard. She thought she might still have time to drop off Richie's stuff at his house before it got too late. As she headed across the deserted town, a motorcycle roared past her. She looked up wondering who would be crazy enough to be out this late. It was Richie, she was sure, more sure than she'd ever been in her life. <br>"Richie?"  
>"Hey, it's Buffy right?" <br>"Richie..... Are you real?"  
>He laughed "You're really weird you know that." <br>"Richie, you're...you're...dead."  
>He gave her a strange look. <br>"Whatever, I'll see you tomorrow ok. Bye!" Then Richie rode away, proud of himself he faked his way out of that, by acting like a ghost. It was a stupid idea, but it had got him  
>out of that one. <br>Buffy stood there stunned, she couldn't believe her eyes. But she'd seen stranger things, just not sadder things.

THE NEXT DAY:

>"It was him, I'm sure!" Buffy almost shouted at Xander. <br>"Buffy, it couldn't of been! You're still blaming yourself for his death!"

>"I'm sure I saw him! It was Richie! Maybe Angel did something to

him, what if he's a vampire." <br>"That sounds stupid Buffy."  
>"I want to check it out. I want to find out what's going on."  
<br>"Fine, it's your funeral."  
>"That doesn't seem to fit this situation, Xander, hopefully."  
<p>

#### THE NIGHT

>Buffy looked carefully around the room as Mr. Macleod slowly led her into Richie's bedroom. It was a mess, it looked like a war zone that had been hit with the A-bfomb, about five times. <br>"I guess you can tell this was Richie's room." said Duncan, playing along with Richie's game.  
>"It looks like a hole in the ground." Buffy actually grinned.  
<br>"Richie never was good at keeping his stuff together."  
>"I never am either." <br>"How well did you know Rich?"  
>"Not very well, I saw him in the library a couple times but that was it." <br>"The library! Are you sure you saw Richie, he failed high school twice!"  
>"He did, I'm so sorry to bother you Mr. Macleod, but I saw Richie die, and I am so sorry. I just wanted to know more about him I guess." <br>"That's ok. Richie was a good kid, I'm glad someone noticed him. We've moved so much this year, he's barely had any time to make friends."  
>"Why do you move so much?" <br>"I don't know, I guess I just want to live somewhere where there's nothing to worry about, You know you don't worry if someone's going to come home or not, because they will. Richie's never had the chance to live in a place like that, I just wanted to give him chance. On the way to doing that I guess I majorly fucked up his life."  
>"I'm sorry, I guess I'm saying that a lot tonight. But it's true. I am so sorry I couldn't help him." <br>"Buffy it's fine, really."

>Then in a flash of sound, speed and horror, Buffy realized she'd be followed. Angel's bike slowly emerged from the back bushes of the house. <br>"We have to get out of here!"  
>"What do you mean?" <br>"Just follow me."  
>"Buffy what's wrong?" <br>"I can't explain right now, just follow me."  
>Buffy dragged Duncan down the hall. She suddenly stopped and panickely asked him. <br>"Is there a place to hide in here??"

>"Well, I guess the attic. What's this all about Buffy?" <br>"That man outside is the one who killed Richie, I don't want the same thing to happen to us!"  
>Duncan's temper flared. He had wanted to know how Richie had died from the start, Richie had only been able to tell him a man had hit him and he'd woken up at home. Now <br>his killer stood just outside the door. He wanted to inflict as much pain as possible on this person.  
>"I'm going out there! Now!" <br>"No! Mr. Macleod stay here!"  
>"I have to go out there, he killed Richie!" <br>"No! Stay here!"

>Duncan almost ran down the hall, down the stairs and out the kitchen door. He came face to face with a vampire. <p>

I step to the edge

>To see my world below <br>And I laugh to myself  
>While the tears roll down <br>'Cause it's the world I know  
>Oh it's the world I know <p>

--Collective Soul, "The World I Know"

Buffy ran down the stairs just to see Duncan go down. He'd managed to take down two of Angel's goons before they'd surrounded him. He had instinctively reached for his  
> sword, only realizing it was inside, looking back he managed one last horrified look to grace Buffy and then he was taken down. Five vampires ;hit him at once sucking the life <br>out of him. Buffy managed to fight them off, staking them one after the other only to be to late. Duncan had died in the fray and Angel was gone again, leaving Buffy with a  
> subtle message in his blood. You can't protect them all. <br>Buffy looked down at the dead man for what seemed like hours. She watched him as his chest fell for the last time an she felt numb as she said goodbye to a stranger.  
> Richie appeared too late to stop the onslaught and was immediately jumped by Buffy. <br>"Who ARE you!?" Buffy yelled at him.  
> <p>

To be continued....

> If you think it should be <br>  
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## 2. A Plea

I wrote this story when I was in eighth grade, and, since then, I haven't really been involved with this site, apart from the times when I've read other people's work. As I continue to receive reviews for this story and feel bad knowing I probably will never continue on with it, I'm asking you all to do me a favor. So I ask you to continue it and email your chapters to me so I can have at least a little control over the continuation of this story. I'll happily upload the best chapter(s). So humor me folks. Here's my email address, give it a try.  
><br>rainbeatles@yahoo.com

End  
file.